

Dreamtime, by Simon A Forward

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[Part One]

(Aboriginal background music. The man speaks with shortened vowels and an upward lift at the end of the sentence. Welcome to Australia?)

WHITTEN: (loudhailer) Attention. This is Chief Coordinator Whitten. Assemble decently for the collection process, or you will be forcibly removed. You leave me no alternative. Attention. This is your last chance. (Nearer)

WHITTEN: You give me no choice. Damn it! That's it. Time to send in the troops. You heard me. Have the squads cordon off a section and get two thousand of these people into the enclosures. Use tear gas if they have to. It's time to break up this shanty town.

(Crowd protesting, glass smashes. Device fired, canister rolls, consternation as smoke hisses.)

WHITTEN: (loudhailer) Your continued resistance has forced my hand. Do not interfere with public operations. No one will be harmed. This is for your own good. This is for the good of your people. Damn. How many times have I heard that before? For all the good it does. Listen to them. Wait. Driver, stop. Kill the engine.

(A faint roaring sound.)

WHITTEN: Listen.

(Louder rumbling.)

WHITTEN: What the hell is that?

(Crowd crying out, cracking of ground.)

WHITTEN: Hell! The whole damn Earth is waking up. Get us out of here. Pull our men back.

(Rumbling and cracking of ground.)

WHITTEN: Come on, man. Oh God, it's too late. It's too late for us all!

(Crowd crying out as rumbling continues.)

(Faint whistling of the wind. The Tardis materialises. Tardis door opens.)

DOCTOR: Time for a stroll. Stretch our legs and take in the fresh air.

(Inhaling. Tardis door closes.)

HEX: That's if it's fresh.

ACE: Well, we're breathing it already. Wow!

HEX: Yeah. Wow is right, and then some.

ACE: Quiet though. Can't we come back in the daytime?

DOCTOR: I'm afraid the night is here to stay for a while yet. Notice the way the stars shift from blue to red. We're out in the depths of space, travelling.

HEX: It's funny. Expect them to be zipping by, you know, like Star Trek.

(Walking off.)

ACE: All of space, just staring down at you between the buildings. Makes you feel like you're really part of the universe, doesn't it?

HEX: Yeah. Next to nothing between us and certain death.

ACE: (laughs) You soon get used to that if you hang around the Doctor long enough.

DOCTOR: I imagine there's a powerful forcefield shielding the city from open space. An invisible dome, an airtight bubble.

HEX: Yeah well, I just hope the breeze isn't down to seepage. It's a bit on the nippy side.

DOCTOR: I imagine if there were any kind of breach, the air would do more than seep out.

HEX: What sort of place is this?

ACE: Looks like Manhattan uprooted and took off into space.

DOCTOR: Well, I wouldn't rule it out entirely.

HEX: You're not serious? A whole city just floated up and launched into space? He's not serious, is he?

ACE: He's not serious. Still, that's exactly what it looks like. Then again, things aren't always what they...

(Stops walking.)

ACE: Weird. Don't remember seeing anything like them in Manhattan.

HEX: Tell me they're not part of some street mime.

(Tapping.)

DOCTOR: No. Perfectly inert, I'd say. Like standing stones.

ACE: What was that? Something moving there, on, on top of that one.

HEX: Some sort of lizard?

DOCTOR: A thorny devil. Commonly known as the moloch.

ACE: Moloch?

DOCTOR: Mmm, Moloch. One of Milton's devils. Calls to mind Paradise Lost.
HEX: Well, if this is Paradise, something tells me we should have found it sooner, before it fell into such a state of disrepair.
DOCTOR: Or decay.
ACE: Well, I'm sure I've seen one of those lizards before. One of those David Attenborough programmes on TV.
HEX: And they're from where, exactly?
DOCTOR: Australia. Actually, I'm more interested in the stone it was basking on.
HEX: Yeah. Basking in complete lack of sunshine.
DOCTOR: Hmm. Like baked clay, but softer.
HEX: Not up to much if they can't withstand a few pokes of an umbrella. Anyway, they can't be standing stones, can they? What kind of city council puts up standing stones in the middle of the street?
ACE: Some sort of traffic calming? Sleeping policemen?
DOCTOR: Except there's no traffic to calm.
HEX: And that's another thing. A city this size? There ought to be some sort of noise, even at night.
ACE: Yeah, not to mention more street lights.
DOCTOR: Yes. Very few of them are on. And it looks like nobody's home.
ACE: Hey Doctor, there's, there's something on the other side of this stone. And this one.
DOCTOR: What's caught her eye now, I wonder?
HEX: Don't know. Probably just a ... It's ... My God. It's a face.
DOCTOR: The resemblance is very crude. Still, in a certain light I suppose it is somewhat suggestive.
ACE: Crude doesn't do it justice. There's faces in all of these. Look. Every one of them.
HEX: They look like they're screaming.
ACE: Yeah, I was hoping nobody else'd notice that.
HEX: It's horrible. I don't like them.
ACE: Seconded.
DOCTOR: Too crude to be carved, certainly.
HEX: Too much like a face to be natural.
DOCTOR: Who's to say what's natural in a place like this?
HEX: Yeah, well, they give me the creeps.
DOCTOR: A ghost town, with stone ghosts.
ACE: City of the dead.
HEX: Hey, steady on. Which one of you's life and which one's soul?
ACE: Excuse me?
HEX: Of the party. Neither of you is exactly lifting me spirits here.
DOCTOR: Yes well, let's just hope that yours are the only spirits waiting to be raised, hmm?
HEX: Hey, that's so not funny.
DOCTOR: In any case, perhaps the party will be warming up soon. Look to the stars. For a dead city this place is attracting a fair few visitors. Look.
HEX: Where? Oh my God. That spaceship?
ACE: Well, whoever they are, I hope they're friendly for a change.
HEX: That's a spaceship. I mean, a real spaceship?
ACE: Hopefully piloted by someone who knows what this place is all about.
DOCTOR: They may be as much in the dark as we are.
ACE: Still, can't do any harm to find out. Come on. Judging by their approach they look to be landing a few blocks from here.
DOCTOR: Stay close, both of you. Stay very close.
HEX: Actual spaceship. Okay!

(Spaceship engines. Electronic door operating.)

VRESHA: Well, Commander Korshal?

KORSHAL: Preliminary survey is complete. No communications, minimal power sources. I will be commencing our approach in a few moments.

VRESHA: And the forcefield? Will it present any danger to our vessel?

KORSHAL: There is no detectable forcefield.

VRESHA: There must be, to contain an atmosphere on an asteroid of that size.

KORSHAL: The atmosphere is tolerable and stable. Something maintains its presence.

VRESHA: The structures confirm it was once inhabited.

KORSHAL: Once, perhaps. But we have yet to detect signs of life.

VRESHA: Perhaps the life signs, like the forcefield, are undetectable.

KORSHAL: We shall soon see. Secure yourself in your seat. Helm, take us in.

HEX: Hey, check these out.

DOCTOR: Hex. Didn't anyone ever teach you two the Green Cross Code? Look before you cross the road.
ACE: I don't think these cars are going to be running anyone over. This place gets weirder and weirder.
HEX: Okay. They look like cars, as much as those faces look like faces. But who's going to carve cars out of
ACE: Stone. They stone. And there's more of those figures over there.
DOCTOR: More crude effigies. Wrinkled like old bark or old skin.
ACE: Hah - drop of Oil of Olay from the Tardis and they'll ... Doctor, what's got into...
DOCTOR: I told you to look, didn't I, before you cross the road. Take a good look, both of you, at the end of
this street, and tell me you've not seen that horizon somewhere before.
HEX: That's not ... I mean ... Can't be.
DOCTOR: I'm afraid it must be. Landmarks are meant to be identifiable, even if you stumble across them in
the most unexpected of places. Uluru.
ACE: What?
DOCTOR: Uluru.
HEX: Otherwise known as Ayers Rock.

(Spaceship landing. Hissing, doors opening, many walking down metal walkway.)
KORSHAL: Troopers, fan out. It is unlikely we will find anything, but we must observe procedure.
(Grunting of troopers.)
KORSHAL: An urban desert. And these structures look to have been subjected to some decay. Dead,
Vresha. This entire rock is dead.
VRESHA: But the atmosphere is stable. And if they have suffered some disaster, their needs will be all the
greater. The prospects for trade are still
KORSHAL: Trade depends on there being survivors.
VRESHA: Well, if there are no survivors then this place may be claimed as salvage.
KORSHAL: Well, there is the mysterious forcefield technology, I suppose.
VRESHA: And the gravitics, Korshal. Zero energy emissions. A gravity field far in excess of natural for an
asteroid of this mass and density. Propulsion might well be gravitic too.
KORSHAL: If the technology is that far in advance of our own, then we had best hope that there are no
survivors. Salvage will be a lot more advantageous than trade terms, and (beeps) Movement. Directly ahead.
Ready weapons! Well Vresha, it looks like trade, not salvage after all. We are not alone.

HEX: Ayers Rock, at the end of a dead street, on an asteroid, in deep space. That's different.
ACE: I'd like to know what we're all on. And I'm not talking about the asteroid.
DOCTOR: Ace, Mister Hex, believe your eyes.
ACE: Appearances can be deceptive.
DOCTOR: I wish they were. But if wishes were horses
ACE: They'd probably be turned to stone like everything else here.
HEX: Is that what you think's happened? You think these are real cars, real people?
ACE: What else *can* they be?
HEX: Doctor, is she on the right track?
DOCTOR: I think we're all of us on the wrong track. The Tardis has strayed.
ACE: Hmm. Nothing new there.
DOCTOR: This is different.
HEX: Different? How?
DOCTOR: It's wrong, in a way I can't describe. It's quite possible this city isn't dead at all.
HEX: Well, that's good. Isn't it?
DOCTOR: No. It's bad. Worse. And if Uluru is really there at the heart of the city, then I have an idea of what
these stone figures might be.
ACE: Which is?
DOCTOR: Well, I can't be sure, and until I am. In the meantime, we might be regarded as trespassers, so it's
best to tread very carefully. Come on.

(Bleeps.)
KORSHAL: Troopers, stand ready. Show yourself! We mean you no harm!
(A weapon is primed.)
KORSHAL: But there is no harm in being prepared.
LEANNE: Please, don't shoot.
VRESHA: Human.
LEANNE: Please, help.
LEANNE: Thank God you've come.
KORSHAL: Trooper, search her.
TROOPER: Sir.
LEANNE: I'm unarmed.

VRESHA: Explain yourself. What help do you need? We are traders from the Galyari Clutch. We wish to negotiate an exchange of goods.

LEANNE: Traders? Trade? There's no trade. You have to get me out of here, get me off this damn rock. There's nothing to trade. They're all dead! Can't you see that? They're all dead!

ACE: Doctor? I thought you said we should meet that ship.

HEX: Can't you see he's changed his mind? Doctor's prerogative and all that.

DOCTOR: I didn't change my mind. This did.

(Tapping stone.)

DOCTOR: Uluru.

ACE: (sighs) It's breath-taking.

HEX: Breath-taking's not my favourite word when there's only a forcefield between us and deep space.

DOCTOR: A forcefield, or something. Unfortunately, that's just one of the too many questions that has to wait its turn. This, this is the real puzzle. I think we should take a walk round the perimeter.

ACE: Oh, that'll take hours.

HEX: Well, we're not going anywhere else, are we?

DOCTOR: Until we have some answers, no. There's too much here that's wrong.

HEX: See? Sounds like a good argument for leaving.

ACE: Yeah, you'd think so, wouldn't you?

DOCTOR: There are matters of gravity, for one thing.

HEX: Excuse me?

DOCTOR: An asteroid little more than thirty kilometres in diameter. No signs of especially advanced technology. What does the gravity feel like to you?

HEX: Normal.

ACE: We should all feel lighter or something, shouldn't we?

DOCTOR: Very much so.

HEX: Well, if it's any consolation, I've shed a few kilos through sweat and stress.

DOCTOR: Then a few more won't hurt. This way, I think.

ACE: Come on, then. Best keep an eye on him.

HEX: McShane, Ace, wait. Stop.

ACE: What?

HEX: Can't shake this feeling, like someone's watching our every move.

ACE: Yeah, I know what you mean. Ha, maybe it's the stones, eh?

DOCTOR: (distant) Are you two coming? We trespassers need to stick together.

VRESHA: Take your time and answer our questions.

LEANNE: We have to get out of here.

KORSHAL: (growls) We will go when we are ready. If you do not calm yourself and tell us...

LEANNE: You don't scare me.

VRESHA: We are not trying to. However, Commander Korshal deserves your respect. If we cannot trade in goods, then you can at least give that much in return for your safe passage off this asteroid.

LEANNE: Asteroid? It's, it's not! You're right. I'm sorry, it's been, it...

VRESHA: I'm Trade Negotiator Vresha. What is your name?

LEANNE: Toomey. Leanne Toomey. I, I'm, I was an engineer, I don't know what I am now. I've, I've been on my own, alone all this time.

KORSHAL: How long? What has happened here?

LEANNE: Weeks. Days. I'm not sure, but it's felt like years. It started slow, but it's all been happening so fast, seems like, I don't know when. It's a nightmare! We have to go!

VRESHA: You are an engineer. What technology powers this colony? What propulsion systems?

LEANNE: What? I don't know, I was a mining engineer. I guess there's engines buried down there somewhere. They never let us near. You think they're just going to let just anyone wander down around there, around crucial systems like that? You're mad. What does it matter? The place is dead. Dead!

HEX: So what are we looking for?

DOCTOR: Paintings.

ACE: Couldn't we just go to the Tate or something? I mean, they have weird sculptures and everything.

DOCTOR: Cave paintings. The art of certain cultures can be a mine of information, a record of history and more besides. I'm hoping we might find some newer examples, something that might tell us what happened here.

ACE: Newer cave paintings?

HEX: They might have upgraded to DTP by now.

DOCTOR: You might think so, but there's something here that tells a different story, a sense of something ancient.

HEX: Ancient, and Creepsville.

ACE: Now who's dampening our spirits?

HEX: Sorry.

DOCTOR: This entire place is a fiction. Something stranger besides.

ACE: Stranger than fiction? Oh, truth, you mean.

DOCTOR: A version of it, at least. We're standing on it. Our feet are on terra firma. Ergo, it must be the truth. Just because it doesn't happen to fit in with our own version.

HEX: So where are we, then? Some sort of dreamland?

DOCTOR: Listen?

(Faint noise of a vehicle in the distance.)

ACE: What now?

HEX: Some sort of car.

DOCTOR: Electric, by the sounds of it. Well, at least some laws of physics still apply.

(Shot fired.)

ACE: Get down!

HEX: Why is it everywhere I go with you two I get shot at?

DOCTOR: No, it's all right. They're firing into the air.

(Two more shots fired.)

DOCTOR: Warning shots. Raise your hands. As a sign of meaning no harm, it's surprisingly universal.

ACE: Well, *you* might want to lower that umbrella, in case they mistake it for a weapon.

DOCTOR: They're human. And their vehicle looks very like a jeep, wouldn't you say? There's a remote chance they'll recognise a device for keeping the rain off.

(Another shot fired.)

HEX: They like to drive home the point, don't they?

(Vehicle stops.)

DOCTOR: Shh. Greetings. How do you do? I'm the Doctor, and this is...

(A pair of Aussies speak.)

MULYAN: (man) Move away from Uluru.

WAHN: (woman) Just get them on board.

ACE: We were just coming.

MULYAN: Save it for later. I'm Mulyan. That's Wahn. Get in the car.

DOCTOR: Well, if you're going our way.

MULYAN: And what is your way?

DOCTOR: Perhaps if you'd care to tell *us* something of what's happening here, I might be able to tell *you*.

KORSHAL: (growl) If everyone here is dead, then who is shooting?

LEANNE: I don't know, I haven't seen anyone. Dream Commandos, maybe.

VRESHA: Dream Commandos? Dreamers and warriors I understand, but the combination is unclear. What are they?

LEANNE: They, they're fighters. Soldiers. Special forces to hold back the Dreaming. They, they did all they could, but it was way too late and you can't fight it. You can't fight any of it.

KORSHAL: (growl) What is this Dreaming?

VRESHA: We understand nightmares.

LEANNE: Understand? You can't even begin to. I, I can't explain it to you. It's all around us. It's put the city to sleep and there's nobody left. Maybe a few of them survived, a few stragglers at most, but they're lost. We're all lost.

KORSHAL: If these warriors are fighting a threat, then we will offer our aid. Lock her in the ship.

VRESHA: No. Bring her. If there is trade to be transacted, she will be our liaison.

LEANNE: You're mad! I'm not going back into the city.

KORSHAL: You are. And you will have our protection. Move out! Troopers, fan ahead! Stay alert!

LEANNE: You're making a big mistake.

(Vehicle moving.)

DOCTOR: I suppose proper introductions are in order. I'm the Doctor, this is Ace and this is Hex.

MULYAN: How did you come here?

WAHN: Was that your ship we saw descend over Whitten Plaza?

ACE: No, you won't have seen us land, but you certainly do have some other visitors.

MULYAN: Why do they come? Why do any of you come now?

DOCTOR: Perhaps to help, in your time of need.

ACE: Looks like you could use some.

MULYAN: It's a bad time. The dawn comes. A dawn that means the end for us all.

HEX: But you're alive. You're surviving. There must be others.

WAHN: Must there?

MULYAN: Maybe there are, somewhere in the city. A handful at most.

DOCTOR: What is happening here, Mulyan?

WAHN: It is the Dreaming.

HEX: Hey! What's that?

ACE: Look out!

(They crash.)

VRESHA: The human is right, Korshal. There is evil here.

KORSHAL: I know. It hides in the shadows.

(Weapon fired, Trooper grunts.)

KORSHAL: What is it?

LEANNE: Oh, hell. They're onto us.

VRESHA: Korshal!

KORSHAL: Stay back. Troopers, defensive positions! There! The silos! Fire!

(Automatic fire.)

LEANNE: We're finished. Finished! You can't fight those things. I'm not staying here to watch you all die.

VRESHA: Toomey! Come back! (roars)

KORSHAL: Get after her. Troopers, move out!

DOCTOR: Ace? Hex? Are you all right?

HEX: Doctor. What happened? What... Ace! Doctor, she's out cold.

DOCTOR: Taken a nasty knock.

WAHN: The spirit is still within. She'll live.

(Ace groans.)

HEX: Easy, McShane. Lie still. What hit us? What was that thing in the road?

MULYAN: Bunyip.

HEX: Bunyip? Sounds as if they're meant to be cute.

DOCTOR: I think you've been listening to the wrong grapevine.

MULYAN: They're devil spirits. Monsters from the Dreamtime.

WAHN: There are more out there. We can't stay here.

(Grunts of creatures start up in the background.)

HEX: What about Ace?

WAHN: We'll move her, gently.

MULYAN: Doctor, take the rifle.

DOCTOR: Thank you, no.

HEX: Help me lift her.

WAHN: No time. They'll pick off the weakest of us.

HEX: God. They're not cute at all, are they?

VRESHA: Ah, where is she?

KORSHAL: She is unarmed and alone. According to her own account, she will not last long without our protection.

VRESHA: Humans are resourceful. She stayed alive and alone this long.

KORSHAL: Do you believe her stories? There were creatures moving in the shadows back there. Teal creatures, not dreams.

VRESHA: Nightmares and reality can coincide.

KORSHAL: Do humans have a race memory?

VRESHA: I don't know. Humanity is comprised of many diverse cultures, all of them a mystery to me.

KORSHAL: There is an enemy here, but is anyone worth saving?

VRESHA: We will see. Let us find these warriors.

DOCTOR: Hex, stand behind me.

HEX: What about Ace? We can't leave her in the car.

DOCTOR: Just do as I say!

HEX: Will those guns do any good?

MULYAN: The shadow beasts fear the sound of the bullet, the shock wave as it tears through the air.

WAHN: But they learn not to fear.

MULYAN: We have other weapons. They're in the car.

DOCTOR: If it's sonic waves they fear, then I may have a little something up my sleeve or in my pocket.

HEX: Doctor! Watch out!

DOCTOR: It's all right, I think they're a little wary of me. Just a few minor adjustments...

MULYAN: Someone's coming!

LEANNE: (nearby) Oh God, help me. They're all around us.

WAHN: Get back.
HEX: Who's she?
MULYAN: A civilian. A survivor.
DOCTOR: Stay back!
DOCTOR: No, no. Er, over here. Er, leave her alone.
HEX: Doctor!
DOCTOR: Nooo!
(Silence.)
HEX: Where'd they go?
WAHN: The Bunyips have returned to the shadows.
HEX: But the Doctor? And that woman?
MULYAN: There's nothing we can do for either of them now. See? They stand before you, there, and there.
HEX: What? What are you talking about? The, the stones?
MULYAN: They're gone from us. They are inapatua.
WAHN: Your Doctor is lost. He sleeps in stone.

[Part Two]

HEX: Ina what? What do you mean, sleeps in stone?
MULYAN: Inapatua. Embryonic forms. Stones which hold within them the shapes of beings.
HEX: What? They're inside the stones?
WAHN: Be satisfied with what you know. We should be moving.
HEX: But wait. The Doctor.
MULYAN: The earth has reclaimed him.
HEX: Reclaimed? The Doctor wasn't any part of this set-up.
WAHN: The Dreaming makes no distinction. The beasts will draw you into the Dreamtime just as easily, and they'll be back before long.
HEX: I won't just leave the Doctor here.
MULYAN: We may be able to return, but not yet. The Dreaming still hungers for souls. We need to move your other friend, Hex.
HEX: At least let me check if it's safe to move her.
MULYAN: Quickly!
HEX: Look, if you can hear me, McShane, just so's you know. I hate this, but it doesn't look like I've got much choice. Those things are still lurking. I have to trust these guys. They're all we've got.
WAHN: Why justify yourself to your unconscious friend?
HEX: I'm justifying it to myself. All right. I'll take her shoulders. Easy does it.
MULYAN: I have her.
WAHN: Move. They're here.
HEX: What can we do? Run?
MULYAN: Wahn, the bullroarer.
(A piece of wood on a string, swung around to create a sound.)
WAHN: I'll do all I can.
HEX: They're staying back.
WAHN: Go!
MULYAN: Move, Hex!
HEX: (receding) We'll be back, Doctor. That's a promise.
MULYAN: Wahn! Follow!
KORSHAL: Humans, over here. My Troopers will cover your retreat.
HEX: What now?
MULYAN: Allies, perhaps. Let's take advantage of any offers right now. Come on.
(Shooting.)
HEX: Oh my God. aliens. Real, live aliens.
KORSHAL: Cover me!
MULYAN: Wahn! Get out of there!
WAHN: Right behind you.
KORSHAL: Good. Now, keep going. The rest of my team are waiting at the end of the street.

(Door opens.)
KORSHAL: Everyone inside. Move.
VRESHA: The building seems clear.
HEX: Oh, I never thought I'd be so glad to see a lot of giant lizards with big guns. Thanks, mate.
(Door closes.)
KORSHAL: My troops are stationed at every entrance.

HEX: Okay, er, good.

MULYAN: Over here. Set her down.

HEX: Okay. Easy goes. Mind the head, Mulyan, mate. She's a tough nut, but there's no sense in taking chances. There you go, McShane.

VRESHA: She will be safe here.

WAHN: For a time, perhaps. We should prepare ourselves.

KORSHAL: What were those creatures?

MULYAN: Bunyips. Creatures from the Dreamtime.

WAHN: Your soldiers fight well, Galaru.

VRESHA: We are Galyari, from the Clutch.

MULYAN: Galaru is our name for the rainbow serpent. Your soldiers' armour changes colour.

WAHN: We owe you our thanks, but there is much you need to understand.

KORSHAL: Then you will help us understand.

HEX: Hey, I'm sure a please won't go amiss.

VRESHA: Our primary mission is one of trade, but we may be able to help.

HEX: Listen, while we're all getting to grips with what's what, can I just take a look at Ace? Now, has anyone got a medical kit or something?

VRESHA: Here. Try this.

HEX: Thanks.

VRESHA: We have more than basic medical supplies. All of it can be placed at your disposal.

WAHN: For what good?

MULYAN: Your offer is welcome, but your equipment, your fire-power, will be of little use. I'm sorry.

KORSHAL: Why is that?

(Ace sighs.)

HEX: McShane?

WAHN: She stirs.

ACE: No airbag on these things, then?

HEX: Hey, McShane, how many fingers am I holding up?

ACE: Dunno. How many am I holding up?

HEX: She's as right as rain.

ACE: Yeah, I'm all right. Ah. I see we've got company. What's going on?

KORSHAL: We are attempting to discover what has happened to this colony.

VRESHA: The inhabitants seem to have little idea.

WAHN: We know all too well.

MULYAN: But it is not easily explained.

KORSHAL: Try.

(Whispering.)

ACE: Er, are the lizards friendly?

HEX: You tell me. You're the veteran traveller.

ACE: Don't think I've met this lot before.

HEX: Well, if it's any consolation, they seem to be as much in the dark as we are. They're aliens, McShane. Real, live aliens.

ACE: Yeah, yeah, I know. Hey, what about the Doctor? Oh, where's the Doctor?

HEX: Yeah. I was meaning to update you on that as soon as you came around.

ACE: (sighs) Tell me.

(Aboriginal singing.)

LEANNE: Oh God, where are we?

DOCTOR: I'm not sure. It's difficult to concentrate. Who are you? Oh, focus on that.

LEANNE: Who, who are you?

DOCTOR: I asked first.

LEANNE: Toomey. Leanne Toomey, Engineer, Grade Nine. All those voices!

DOCTOR: Leanne, concentrate on who you are, who you were, otherwise you'll be lost to them.

LEANNE: Who are you? I can't even see you.

DOCTOR: The Doctor. I am the Doctor. And you don't need to see me. Eyes aren't important here. I'm not even sure we have them any more.

LEANNE: What! God, no!

DOCTOR: Ah, yes, well, er, I suppose I could have put that more tactfully, but panic focuses the mind. The important thing is, you know I'm here, you know I'm close.

LEANNE: Yes, I can sense you nearby, but, but those voices, those sounds!

DOCTOR: I think, therefore I am. We think, therefore we are. The question is, when are we?

LEANNE: They're pulling me apart!

DOCTOR: You must concentrate. What's your name?

LEANNE: Toomey. I told you.
DOCTOR: And you must concentrate on *that*. Focus. I shan't be long.
LEANNE: No! Where are you going?
DOCTOR: It's time I took a look around.
LEANNE: Don't leave me!
DOCTOR: Somewhere in the midst of all these voices, all these souls, someone must have an answer. I have to find it. There.
LEANNE: What is it?
DOCTOR: A bridge. Or an abyss. There's no way to be certain. I think it's a way through. I'm going to cross it.
LEANNE: You can't do this to me.
DOCTOR: Can you move?
LEANNE: No. I can't. I can barely keep myself together. Doctor, please, help me!
DOCTOR: If I am to help then I must help everyone. Every one of these souls. The entire city cries out for help.
LEANNE: You can't leave me!
DOCTOR: I must. This bridge, it crosses into the past. I'm more sure of that now than my own thoughts. (Walking off.)
DOCTOR: That's where the answers lie. (echoing) Goodbye, Leanne.
LEANNE: (echoes) Doctor!

HEX: Mulyan, we have to find a way to reach the Doctor.
KORSHAL: This Doctor of yours, who is he?
VRESHA: Korshal, we need not unearth these legends now. He's unlikely to be the Sandman.
ACE: No, he's a traveller, like us. And he's exactly who these people need to help them out of this mess.
WAHN: He is an ally of the Dreaming now.
ACE: No way. The Doctor's stronger than that. If there's a way to get through to him, then he'll be listening, waiting to hear from us.
MULYAN: You do not understand. Every soul drawn into the Dreamtime lends the Dreaming strength. It gathers power, momentum. Every spirit we recover weakens it, but
HEX: Hang on. You mean you've pulled people back? Released them from the stones?
WAHN: In the beginning, it was only of the primary goals of our Dream Commandos. But as more of us were claimed, it grew more difficult, impossible.
VRESHA: How were these people recovered?
KORSHAL: How do you combat this Dreaming?
WAHN: Projectile weapons disrupt the beasts. Barely, and only for a time, the bullroarer is our true weapon.
MULYAN: And our means of communing with those claimed by the Dreaming.
HEX: Well then, give us one. I'll go out there and I'll...
WAHN: The bullroarer is not for the untrained.
HEX: Oh, come on. It's a stick. How hard can it be?
ACE: Hex! Less gumboot, more diplomacy. So, these bullroarers?
KORSHAL: Sound waves.
VRESHA: If sonics are the answer
MULYAN: No! Sound alone is only half an answer. The bullroarer speaks with another voice, inside the sound.
KORSHAL: Explain.
WAHN: It is the voice of the spirit, a voice from within the warrior who wields it.
VRESHA: You speak of psionics.
MULYAN: Many would interpret it as such, but its roots reach deeper. Something from the soul, and the spirits in the air and the land and the hearts of men.
KORSHAL: Call it what you will, they are still powers of the mind.
HEX: So? You got some sort of problem with that?
ACE: Er, Hex! He means, is it something you're not really comfortable with?
WAHN: The Galyari fear such things?
KORSHAL: I fear nothing. Your telepathics are a disgusting aberration. It is no wonder we find your colony in such a state of decay.
VRESHA: Korshal.
WAHN: We did not invite this on ourselves.
ACE: Well, how *did* it all start? We need to understand more about this Dreaming if we're going to fight it.
HEX: McShane's right. It's tough getting to grips with all this.
MULYAN: It does not matter what you understand, what you believe. The Dreaming holds sway here, just as it holds your friend. I am sorry. The beacons warn visitors away, but many of our electronics failed. You should not have come. None of you should have come.

WHITTEN: Sun's in an ugly mood again today. All right, driver. Let's take in a full circuit and then. What the hell? Look. Over there, some sort of stray. What's he think he's doing, strolling in across the northern boundary? Like I haven't got enough on my plate already. Take us over there. Probably some nutcase wanting to soak up the mystic rhythms. I'll give him a religious experience. I'll crucify him. (window winds down) Hey, you.

DOCTOR: How do you do? I'm

WHITTEN: Who the hell are you? What do you think you're doing here?

DOCTOR: Well, I was about to answer the first question before I was rudely interrupted. And as for the second, I was hoping someone could tell me.

WHITTEN: Get in.

DOCTOR: No, thank you. I'm sure the exercise would

WHITTEN: Get in.

DOCTOR: Oh well. If you insist.

(Door opens and closes.)

WHITTEN: Comfortable back there?

DOCTOR: Quite, thank you.

WHITTEN: Good. Then you can start giving me some answers. I want a good majority of them before we get back to camp.

KORSHAL: Very well. If there is nothing to be done here.

ACE: Wait! You can't just give up on these people.

KORSHAL: We can grant the survivors transport off this rock, that's all.

WAHN: We will not abandon Uluru.

MULYAN: We cannot leave.

HEX: Well, that settles that, then.

KORSHAL: So, as I said, there is nothing we can do. Come, Vresha.

ACE: Hey!

HEX: Best let them go. It's not like you're going to get in an argument with an eight-foot lizard.

ACE: Wouldn't be the first time.

HEX: And win.

ACE: Ah. Well, maybe not, in their case. (sighs) So how do we go about rescuing the Doctor?

DOCTOR: Quite a town you have here, Mister Whitten.

WHITTEN: It's not mine. I only police it. Well, I try to.

DOCTOR: I wasn't aware there was a town around Uluru. Protected site, national and cultural heritage, that sort of thing. Bad enough with all those tourists tramping up and down every year.

WHITTEN: There haven't been any tourists for a long time, and well you know it. I suppose that's what you think *you* are.

DOCTOR: Well, a traveller, certainly.

(Indicator ticking.)

WHITTEN: Well, just to bring you bang up to date, this town's only sprung up over the past few months.

DOCTOR: Population of - what would you say?

WHITTEN: Couple of hundred thousand, give or take.

DOCTOR: Rather makeshift conditions. Anyone would think they're not staying.

WHITTEN: They're not. Apparently they're taking off for the stars soon.

DOCTOR: Are they? When's take-off?

WHITTEN: Sometime this avo, maybe? I don't know.

DOCTOR: But you think it's unlikely?

WHITTEN: (laugh) A bit, yeah.

DOCTOR: But what led all these people to believe it? What brought them all here?

WHITTEN: The end of the world. And the end of the world makes people believe strange things. We live in unpleasant times, and some of us have unpleasant jobs to do.

DOCTOR: And what is your unpleasant job?

WHITTEN: Evacuation coordinator for this region. I'm supposed to see to it at least a couple of thousand of these people get places on one of the Phoenix lifeships.

DOCTOR: And they don't want to go.

WHITTEN: Not since this guru of theirs turned up, offering some magic mystical alternative.

DOCTOR: What alternative?

WHITTEN: Giant beanstalk? How the hell should I know? Thing is, they swallow it, hook, line and sinker, and there's no shaking them out of it. This guy has got some kind of hold over them.

DOCTOR: And who is this guru?

WHITTEN: Calls himself Baiame.

DOCTOR: Does he? How fascinating.

KORSHAL: It's quiet, for the moment. A good time to move out, back to the ship.

VRESHA: Korshal, hear me out.

KORSHAL: There is nothing here, Vresha.

VRESHA: You are right. The colony is all but dead. There remains the question of salvage.

KORSHAL: If there is anything of worth, where would you have me look for it?

VRESHA: The woman Toomey was a mining engineer.

KORSHAL: Mines. Of course. They would have needed to extract materials for construction, equipment manufacture, and below would be the most likely site for the propulsion systems, shield and gravitic generators.

VRESHA: Surely worth staying to investigate.

KORSHAL: Very well. But we will secure ourselves a guide.

WAHN: We'll need to scout the area.

HEX: All right. The sooner we get started.

(Door opens.)

ACE: Oh, look who's decided to re-join the party.

VRESHA: We have a proposal.

HEX: A way to help?

KORSHAL: Perhaps. Some of the colonists may have fled to the tunnels below. We propose finding them.

MULYAN: If there are any down there, then they will have been led there by other warriors, other Dream Commandos.

WAHN: Mmm. I do not care to entertain false hopes.

VRESHA: If we did not believe there was at least a chance to save your colony, we would have left.

MULYAN: Wahn?

WAHN: It's worth trying.

ACE: Well, all right, now we're talking sense. Pool our resources. Just what the Doctor would have ordered.

HEX: Okay then. Let's get organised.

DOCTOR: Mmm. Nice office.

WHITTEN: It's not much, but it does the job.

DOCTOR: Maps of the entire camp, every tent and hut marked out, every T crossed, every I dotted. Very organised, very thorough.

WHITTEN: It's my job to be thorough. I've got a quota to fill.

DOCTOR: What quota?

WHITTEN: Evacuating the planet's a complicated business. Politics comes into it. As part of my remit to ensure all cultures within my designated region are represented on board those Phoenix lifeships.

DOCTOR: And the animals went in two by two.

WHITTEN: Something like that. My order's to save two thousand of these people. Not much in the scheme of things, but I'm damn well gonna do it.

DOCTOR: Rescue them by force if necessary?

WHITTEN: If that's what it takes.

DOCTOR: And why do you suppose this Baiame is keeping them here?

WHITTEN: Beats me. All I do know is he's got them camped out there in the sand until they're scorched off the Earth and his promises are ashes.

DOCTOR: I could talk to him.

WHITTEN: You wouldn't get close. I wouldn't rate your chances, anyway.

DOCTOR: I don't always rate them myself, but I like to take them anyway.

WHITTEN: Believe me, I've tried. These people form a wall, there's no getting through it.

DOCTOR: Then again, I find I can get a great deal further with a friendly tip of the hat and an umbrella, than a riot shield and a baton.

WHITTEN: I've not pushed the strong-arm tactics, and listen up. Plenty of my men don't have places on those lifeships. When the sun lights up for real, they'll be here on Earth, burning with the rest of them. They should be with their families. They don't have to be here. They're here to give some of these people a chance.

DOCTOR: Then let me do some of their work for them. Let me give them a better chance. Let me try.

WHITTEN: All right, Doctor. It's your funeral. I'll escort you as far as we can. After that, you're on your own.

DOCTOR: Thank you, Mister Whitten. It may be my funeral, but I won't be needing a cortege. Try not to do anything rash while I'm gone.

BAIAME: Hear me, my people. The stranger walks among us. Let him pass. Let him come to me.

WAHN: Keep to the light. The creatures are born in the shadows.

HEX: Even the middle of the street's pretty dark around here.

WAHN: Pity Mulyan and your friend Ace. The mines will be darker and far more dangerous.

HEX: Yeah. And they've only got those hulking great Galyari for company.

MULYAN: The elevator's down here.

VRESHA: Will it be operational?

MULYAN: I doubt it, not with all the power cuts.

ACE: And I'm guessing we don't have grav-belts or anything? Anyone fancy shinning down cables?

KORSHAL: We can attach portable generators from the ship, render it operational. How does it function?

MULYAN: Electromagnetics. Fetching generators'll take time. Your ship is over on Whitten Plaza.

VRESHA: Galyari troopers move swiftly enough.

KORSHAL: And there is other equipment I wish to collect from the ship.

ACE: And what's that exactly?

KORSHAL: Weapons. More weapons.

DOCTOR: Oh, it's very bracing right up here, on top of the rock. Oh, I can see why you like it up here. All those people looking up at you, all that adulation. To say nothing of the view.

BAIAME: The view will not always be as you see it now.

DOCTOR: No indeed. I'm the Doctor. You must be Baiame.

BAIAME: I am.

DOCTOR: What do you see when you look out over all this, all these people? I want to know if your vision of the future matches mine.

BAIAME: You have crossed the Dreamtime.

DOCTOR: I suppose I must have done. I wasn't really sure at the time.

BAIAME: I read it in your eyes. The future.

DOCTOR: What future have you promised these people, Baiame?

BAIAME: It is not my promise. The land will take us to the stars. You have seen it.

DOCTOR: Yes, yes, I have. But I don't think it's quite what you imagine. Something appears to have gone wrong. This land is a part of the Earth. Anything powerful enough to raise all this to the heavens also has the power to go wrong.

BAIAME: The land will keep its promise.

DOCTOR: A promise founded on an impossibility. My friends are standing on that impossibility right now, and it's wrong, badly wrong.

BAIAME: The land dreams what it will, and wills what it dreams. It dreams of a city in the stars for us, and we dream it too. Time dreams, and all things are possible.

DOCTOR: All things?

BAIAME: Uluru is the heart of this land. Uluru will travel the stars, until it beats in the body of another world.

DOCTOR: How long, Baiame? When does this future begin?

BAIAME: It begins.

WHITTEN: Time's ticking by, Doctor, and the natives are getting restless. All right, driver, take us around the perimeter, see if we can't appeal to their reason. Give it one last go. (loudhailer) Attention. This is Chief Co-ordinator Whitten. Assemble decently for the collection process, or you will be forcibly removed. You leave me no alternative. Attention. This is your last chance.

DOCTOR: Mister Whitten is getting restless down there. It's a powerful sight, all those people, A powerful sound. It's probably making him nervous.

BAIAME: The land wakes. It is time. The dream begins.

DOCTOR: Wait! You can't do this. You can't just uproot Uluru. You can't remove the heart without dire consequences for the body.

BAIAME: We go to the stars. The Earth will face her own future. We do not look back.

DOCTOR: No, don't look back, look around you. What about Whitten's people? They're camped all around this town. You can't consign them to the crater you leave behind.

BAIAME: They are the guardians of their own future.

DOCTOR: Baiame, you cannot inflict a wound like this on the Earth, not without repercussions. And you take those repercussions with you. They'll fester in your conscience, travelling with you.

BAIAME: Whitten's people must find their own path.

DOCTOR: They won't have any path, if you don't give them time to get clear!

BAIAME: Our future is not for Whitten's people. There is no time. The time is now.

DOCTOR: Save them too!

BAIAME: It is for us alone. It begins.

(Rumbling starts.)

WHITTEN: Damn it! That's it. Time to send in the troops. You heard me. Have the squads cordon off a section and get two thousand of these people into the enclosures. Use tear gas if they have to. It's time to break up this shantytown.

(Crowd protesting, glass smashes. Device fired, canister rolls, consternation as smoke hisses.)

WHITTEN: (loudhailer) Your continued resistance has forced my hand. Do not interfere with public operations. No one will be harmed. This is for your own good. This is for the good of your people. (normal) Damn. How many times have I heard that before? For all the good it does. Listen to them. Wait. driver, stop. Kill the engine.

(A faint roaring sound.)

WHITTEN: Listen.

(Louder rumbling.)

WHITTEN: What the hell is that?

(Crowd crying out, cracking of ground.)

WHITTEN: Hell! The whole damn Earth is breaking up. Get us out of here. Pull our men back. Come on, man. Oh God, it's too late. Too late for us all!

[Part Three]

BAIAME: Listen, Doctor. Hear the land as she wakes. She rises. I have seen this land's history. I have experienced it all. Blood seeped down through the earth and found me as I slept in the heart of Uluru.

DOCTOR: I know this land's history too. Mistakes *were* made. The same can be said of a great many histories.

BAIAME: They are mistakes that can never be erased. They are etched in the land, and in our past. We owe Whitten's people nothing.

DOCTOR: You owe this to yourselves!

BAIAME: We leave our pain behind us.

DOCTOR: You carry a new one in its place, to the stars, to your new world.

BAIAME: We will be free.

DOCTOR: Never. This is your one chance, here and now. That's why I'm here. I realise that now. If you can really do this, and I can scarcely doubt it now, whatever power you command extends its influence. Save Whitten and his people along with your own.

BAIAME: Embrace them in our future?

DOCTOR: Yes! What's a few extra miles here and there?

BAIAME: If we embrace Whitten's people, then we embrace the mistakes of the past.

DOCTOR: If you condemn them to their deaths, then you repeat those mistakes. Your future is built on death and destruction, and you weaken its foundation from the very beginning. You smother your dream in its infancy. Extend your influence. Include Whitten's people in your dream. Save them!

HEX: Well, there's the jeep. But look. It's like the metal's being infected with stone.

WAHN: Yes. The earth reclaims all its materials.

HEX: So I'm guessing this Dreaming is pretty wide awake?

WAHN: You'd not be wrong.

HEX: So better stay on our toes. Come on. That's the Doctor's stone over there. I'd know that doom and gloom expression anywhere.

WAHN: Hex, wait.

(Growling.)

HEX: Oh, God. Dingoes. They eat babies, don't they?

WAHN: Melatji. Law Dogs. They carry tribal law from the Dreamtime.

HEX: That doesn't sound so bad.

WAHN: And they will eat us, as you put it, readily enough.

HEX: Nice dogs. Stay.

WAHN: They are the law. They'll not scare easily.

HEX: You should try policing some of the estates in me home town. Look, you want to try the bullroarer of yours?

WAHN: I'll try. Here, hake the gun. Hold them back.

HEX: Shoot them? I'm not sure I can.

WAHN: Look into their eyes. You'll find the trigger pulls with ease.

HEX: Okay. Dingoes' kidneys for breakfast, coming up.

WAHN: Hex, shoot.

HEX: Oh, God!

VRESHA: The elevator is on its way.

ACE: What are those?

KORSHAL: Sonic engineering tools.
MULYAN: They may be of some help.
KORSHAL: On their maximum setting they could bore a hole clean through this asteroid.
ACE: Can I have one?
VRESHA: It makes sense for us all to be armed.
KORSHAL: Very well. When we are below.
(Inside elevator.)
ACE: I don't think this elevator's built for six.
VRESHA: Korshal would prefer a full squad.
MULYAN: Much good may it do us.
ACE: Yeah, would someone mind telling me why is it I'm surrounded by all this brute force and firepower, and I don't feel any safer?
KORSHAL: You are only human.

(Rumbling, rocks cracking, sound like a spaceship taking off. Silence. Creaking of metal.)
WHITTEN: God! What happened? We're. Oh, hell.
DOCTOR: (outside) Mister Whitten, can you hear me?
WHITTEN: Doctor? You'd best stay back. The truck's lodged stuck, but she doesn't feel secure.
DOCTOR: So I can see. Mister Whitten, I want you to open your door very carefully.
WHITTEN: Okay, Doctor, I'll give it a go.
DOCTOR: All right. So far, so good. Now, stretch up very slowly and reach for my umbrella.
WHITTEN: Will it take my weight?
DOCTOR: We can only find out.
WHITTEN: Thanks. That's all the reassurance I was looking for. My driver, Doc, he's out cold.
DOCTOR: One thing at a time. Keep your eyes on me and take the handle. That's it. Now, reach for the ledge with your other hand, and I'll pull.
WHITTEN: (effort) God! Okay, okay, I'm up, I'm up.
DOCTOR: Ah, well done, Mister Whitten. You're a born survivor.
WHITTEN: Holy! What the hell happened here?
DOCTOR: The stars you see have nothing to do with concussion, Mister Whitten. We have left the Earth behind. You and your people had best get used to being an ethnic minority.
WHITTEN: This can't be happening.
DOCTOR: I'm afraid it is.
WHITTEN: I can't. It doesn't...
DOCTOR: Make sense? No, I know. But at least you're alive. You can take my word for that. Baiame extended the boundary of his little island in the stars by a few miles at my behest. It was all I could do to save you and your people.
WHITTEN: Then I guess we'll just have to make the best of a bad job. First off I ought to see about getting my driver out of there.
DOCTOR: Well, the rescue looks like a job you and your men can handle.
WHITTEN: And what about you?
DOCTOR: I have to go back and talk to Baiame. I have friends of my own who need my help. They're stranded on the far side of an altogether different abyss.
WHITTEN: All right, Doctor, I can handle this. And thanks.
DOCTOR: Goodbye, Mister Whitten, and good luck.
WHITTEN: Okay. You men, get over here. We've got a man out here that needs our help. Come on, let's get to it.

(Growling. Gunshot. Whimper.)
HEX: What? Where'd it go?
WAHN: Back to the Dreamtime. The muzzle blast disrupted its hold here. There are still the others.
HEX: Oh, God!
WAHN: Slide the bolt.
HEX: I don't think I'm cut out for this.
WAHN: You've never handled a rifle?
HEX: Handled, yeah. My dad took me shooting one time. One of his rare attempts at a spot of father-son bonding. Hated every minute. Had to put a brave face on under strenuous circumstances.
WAHN: And this is different how?
HEX: You're right. Yeah, you're right. I'll do me best, okay?
WAHN: Good. Now, stand clear while I do mine.
(Hum of bullroarer.)
HEX: It's not working.
WAHN: I told you. They'll not scare easily. Give it time.

HEX: How much do we have?
WAHN: That is something the Law Dogs will decide.

VRESHA: It is a long descent.
ACE: So listen, Mulyan. You said sonics were only partially effective, right?
KORSHAL: Huh! He underestimates their potential.
ACE: I was asking Mulyan. Is there any way we can make these drill things more effective?
MULYAN: I don't know. The bullroarers are carved to speak with the voice within. I don't think these devices can speak with anything deeper than sound.
ACE: One thing, I can see you've embraced the Aboriginal traditions, but what happened to all the people? We haven't seen any of them in the city.
MULYAN: They were among the first to be absorbed by the Dreaming. We keep the faith and the fight alive, but the Dreaming was in their blood in a way that it could never be in ours.
KORSHAL: Who trained you?
MULYAN: What?
VRESHA: Commander Korshal is referring to your Dream Commandos.
KORSHAL: Military units require training. Special units require special training. Who fostered these abilities in you?
MULYAN: It was Baiame who taught us, their All-Father. He founded this colony, raised it to the stars. He watches over us, and he resides in the Dreamtime.
KORSHAL: They mythologise what they do not understand.
ACE: Whereas you and your Sandman legends, I suppose (Bang.)
ACE: What was that?
VRESHA: There is something above us. It must have come down the shaft.
MULYAN: A creature from the Dreamtime.
KORSHAL: It does not sound too large.
ACE: Not to you, maybe.
MULYAN: It doesn't need to be. We're confined in here.
ACE: It's trying to get in.

WAHN: They've gone, but they'll be back.
HEX: Okay, let's get a shift on. Right, what do we do?
WAHN: I'll speak for you, through you. Touch the stone.
HEX: What, like this? It's safe, right?
WAHN: Lay your hand on the stone. There. Now I begin. (Bullroarer.)
HEX: What now?
WAHN: Feel the sound, Hex. Feel it in your head, and feel it travel your body, down the length of your arm. The vibrations pass through your fingertips into the stone. Send your thoughts of the Doctor with it. Hold an image of him in your mind. Your feelings and all that binds you to him. Merge them with the sound. Let them travel into the stone. Let them find him.
HEX: Maybe Ace would have been better at this. She's known him a lot longer than I have. It's no good. I'm not getting nothing.
WAHN: Then your friend has passed beyond the Dreamtime. He is out of our reach.
HEX: No, we can't just give up now.
WAHN: It's not me who's giving up.
HEX: Okay. You're right. Please, we need to keep trying.
WAHN: Listen this time. Listen with your memories. You are fishing for your friend in an ocean of souls.

DOCTOR: You'll be pleased to know Whitten's people are here to stay. They'll prove an asset to your colony, and on your new world when you arrive, Baiame.
BAIAME: You are a persuasive negotiator.
DOCTOR: I had a distinct advantage, knowing what the outcome should be.
BAIAME: And what is that outcome?
DOCTOR: Unless it's a part of the future you've foreseen, it's probably best not discussed until you get there.
BAIAME: The future will be with us in time. My work here is done, and so is yours.
DOCTOR: Yes. I rather think it is. I do have a few questions outstanding, but first, I should be getting back to my friends.
BAIAME: You were hoping I would be your guide.
DOCTOR: If you don't mind.
BAIAME: How old would you say I am, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Age? I wouldn't like to hazard a guess. And if I said anything over ten thousand years, you might

take offence.

BAIAME: As a boy, I wandered the Earth, when the sun was young and the tracks of Jaropiri the rainbow serpent were still freshly marked in the land. I wandered, and I found a path into the heart of Uluru. There I found Jukurrpa.

DOCTOR: The Dreamtime.

BAIAME: The hollow in the heart of Uluru, where time sleeps, time breathes in and out with the land. And as time breathes, so do I. And as time sleeps, so too do I.

DOCTOR: I see.

BAIAME: Come, Doctor. Walk with me, into Jukurrpa, the Dreamtime. You may cross the bridge of a thousand years in the blink of an eye.

DOCTOR: Walk in eternity. Don't mind if I do. Show me the way.

BAIAME: Come.

ACE: It's going to be in here any minute.

VRESHA: Korshal, the sonic devices.

KORSHAL: We are too confined. A setting that would penetrate this metal will shatter the human skulls.

MULYAN: Then what can we do?

ACE: Cut the generators.

MULYAN: What?

KORSHAL: We would fall like a stone.

VRESHA: No. The emergency brakes would cut in. They are mechanical.

ACE: Exactly. So, shall we do it?

MULYAN: What good will it do? We have no defence in here.

KORSHAL: You are right. We must reach the bottom before our attacker finds a way in. It is our best chance.

VRESHA: We can break the circuit from here. Nearly done. Brace yourselves.

ACE: Okay, everybody. Hold onto your stomachs.

(Bullroarer.)

HEX: Doctor, can you hear me? Please. We need you.

WAHN: Desperation is not the answer. Reach out with your calmer feelings, the peaceful moments you've shared with the Doctor.

HEX: Okay. That doesn't leave a lot to choose from.

WAHN: Or laughter, or good times. Let the sound guide your feelings through the stone and into the Dreamtime. Let the sound find him and carry your message to him.

HEX: Okay, Doctor. It's me, Hex. You know, the one who said oh my God a lot when we first met? That's got to count for something, eh? You've got to remember that, eh?

(Thunder.)

HEX: Oh my God!

WAHN: We must go.

HEX: We haven't...

WAHN: No argument. There is no time.

HEX: What was that? What happened?

WAHN: We have fished for your friend, but we have stirred darker waters. Look at the buildings.

HEX: What? Oh, my God. Somebody left Manhattan out in the sun too long. They're all wrinkled, ancient, like the stones. What could do that?

WAHN: Something from the Dreamtime.

HEX: Something worse than Law Dogs and Bunyips and whatever else?

WAHN: Much worse. The end begins. Run, Hex, run!

KORSHAL: Is everyone in one piece? Vresha, Troopers?

TROOPERS: Sir.

VRESHA: I am not as robust as you, Korshal, but I will survive.

ACE: Ow! Ah! Don't suppose you've got a suit of that armour in my size?

KORSHAL: No.

MULYAN: It's a bit late now, in any case. Come on. Let's see what awaits us in the mines.

VRESHA: No sound of our attacker above us.

KORSHAL: Let me get these doors open.

ACE: Dark out there.

MULYAN: It's to be expected.

ACE: All right, Korshal. It might go against the grain a bit, but now would be a good time to give me one of those weapons.

BAIAME: We shall sleep, Doctor, while the centuries pass.

DOCTOR: What happens in those centuries?

BAIAME: Feel the events happen, over and around you, inside you. There. Can you feel them mine the earth? They build their city as they travel the stars.

DOCTOR: Yes. But there's something else. Something inside the rock.

BAIAME: The Dreaming.

DOCTOR: What do they dream of, Baiame? What lives inside this rock?

BAIAME: The Dreaming. We journey to a new world. The Dreaming was to reshape that world, to seed it with our creatures, our plants, our water, and our air. All things. The Rainbow Serpent was to carve fresh tracks to form the valleys and the rivers. Law Dogs were to carry the tribal law to new territories. Sky Crows were to make their journeys, and bring shape and colour to our new land. Creation would begin again.

DOCTOR: Mythological terraforming. Fascinating. But how can that be?

VRESHA: What is through here?

MULYAN: One of our reservoirs.

VRESHA: It does not appear deep.

(Wading in water.)

KORSHAL: There. Perhaps waist-high to a human.

ACE: Makes a change from being up to my neck in it.

(Wading in water.)

ACE: Ooh! Could do with being a bit warmer.

VRESHA: I am more interested in how the reservoir replenishes itself.

MULYAN: The water flows from within the rock. Water, food, air, materials. Uluru provides everything.

KORSHAL: Huh. More mythologising. Troopers, remain here.

TROOPERS: Sir.

KORSHAL: Cover the entrance until we have crossed to the other side. The rest of you, follow me.

MULYAN: So, you believe this is a myth we're wading through?

ACE: Too cold to be a myth if you ask me.

KORSHAL: There is technology behind this.

VRESHA: Advanced recycling systems, silicon filtration.

ACE: You could give him the benefit of the doubt, Korshal. He is the local here. Our guide? Haven't you ever heard of when in Rome?

MULYAN: I've heard similar sayings, Ace. That is, do as they do, not believe as they believe.

ACE: Yeah well, they could still show a bit of respect for other cultures.

VRESHA: (laugh) Just as you and your friend respect us with the name of lizards?

ACE: Oh, that. Well, yeah, sorry.

KORSHAL: We are descended from avians.

ACE: And you're proud of your ancestry.

VRESHA: More than proud. Birds are sacred to us.

ACE: Well, look, I'm sorry. My ancestors aren't much to be proud of, generally, let alone revered. But if this *isn't* about myths and legends, have you got any better ideas?

KORSHAL: If I were to hazard a supposition, perhaps a silicon-based virus, infected nanotechnology, part of a terraforming programme that has been contaminated in some way, and the animals, specimens released from containment as a result of systems failure.

MULYAN: (laugh) It is a theory.

VRESHA: Yes. And all of it mythologised by a society that has fallen into primitive ways.

MULYAN: If truth is primitive, then yes.

ACE: In my experience whatever theories you come up with the truth is usually a lot stranger.

MULYAN: Let them keep their theories, Ace, until the Dreaming alters their opinion.

KORSHAL: We will not succumb to any Dreaming.

MULYAN: I hope you don't.

VRESHA: Forgive me, but I will trust Korshal's judgement rather than your doubts and superstitions.

MULYAN: That choice is yours.

ACE: Come on. There's the exit tunnel up there. Which one of you's going to give me a leg up?

DOCTOR: Allow me.

ACE: Doctor!

DOCTOR: Hello, McShane.

HEX: Oh God. There go the lights.

WAHN: Light and shadow are all one now. Quick, the doorway. Hide.

HEX: What about that bullroarer?

WAHN: It will not scare this one back to the Dreamtime.

HEX: What is it, Wahn? What's after us?

WAHN: Mamoo, perhaps? Or Yowie?

HEX: Yowie? What about his mates, Zap and Kapow?
WAHN: Mamoo is the spirit of evil. Yowie? Yowie is death.
HEX: Sorry. Bad sense of humour. That's a medical career for you. Teaches you laughter in the face of adversity. Right, what do we do?
WAHN: Laughter will not help us here. We, we should find the others.
HEX: All right. Safety in numbers. I can buy that.
WAHN: Mulyan will have led them to the closest access point, four blocks from here. Come on.

HEX: (distant, echoing) Doctor!
DOCTOR: Mister Hex? Is that you?
BAIAME: Your friend calls to you. The bullroarer speaks to those in the Dreamtime.
DOCTOR: I can feel the sound moving through me.
BAIAME: Life and Time move through you, Doctor. The Dreamtime is the living time. The Dreaming is living myth.
DOCTOR: Yes. Living myth, threaded through the fabric of Creation. Ideas, imagination. The Dreaming. A vibrant third strand intertwined with the twin helixes of the DNA molecule. A triple helix.
BAIAME: It is a bond between Man and the land and the spirits.
DOCTOR: And all those voices are the sound of lives dragged back kicking and screaming into the primordial soup. Life recovering all of its raw ingredients, all the materials it needs to...
BAIAME: To begin again.
DOCTOR: The terraforming has started prematurely.
BAIAME: We journey to the future you have seen. The future you have made.
DOCTOR: That I have made? No, that can't be right.
BAIAME: You set it in motion. Like the sun's journey from sunset to sunrise, nothing can alter its course. Those voices are the echoes of that future. Whispers of a dream angered, a dream corrupted.
DOCTOR: Corrupted? How?
BAIAME: We share the guilt, Doctor. I allowed myself to be persuaded.
DOCTOR: Persuaded? / brought this about? I brought this on, your future? I'm the cause I was looking for? And I only wanted to deal with the event!

ACE: Doctor, what happened?
DOCTOR: Hex released me. Here. Take my hand, McShane.
ACE: Doctor?
MULYAN: Careful, Ace.
KORSHAL: So, this is your Doctor.
DOCTOR: Yes. The Galyari are not the sort of company you should be mixing with. Step away from them.
VRESHA: What game are you playing?
DOCTOR: I'm not playing any game. You Galyari and your interference are not wanted here.
ACE: What are they supposed to have done?
KORSHAL: You sound more like the Doctor of our legends, laying down your law on us.
DOCTOR: Climb up here, McShane.
MULYAN: Keep back, Ace.
ACE: That's right! Hex calls me McShane. The Doctor still calls me Ace. And you're not *my* Doctor.
DOCTOR: Stupid child! You are McShane. Ace. And you are still Dorothy. You think a change of name alters what you are inside? Your past sits in your heart, gnawing away at those fragile walls you erect around you, the walls you call maturity.
ACE: No!
DOCTOR: Jarapiri. Galaru. Unjuat. Kunukban. The Rainbow Serpent has many names, but he is all one. You're unwanted here, invaders, a contaminant strain to be isolated in the Dreamtime, eradicated, expelled.
KORSHAL: We shall see who is eradicated.
ACE: No, wait!
MULYAN: Back away!
(Sonic weapon, splashing.)
DOCTOR: Your weapons are as limited as your imaginations.
VRESHA: What creature are you?
DOCTOR: You evolve, you embrace technology, and you formed your civilisations, and you shed your wisdom like an old skin.
ACE: Korshal, stop using the sonic drills. You'll bring the walls down!
MULYAN: Ace, back away.
DOCTOR: There is no way back. Not for any of you. Welcome to a wiser age. The time of the dawn when the waters battled with the land and the waters won. Drown in the body of the Rainbow Serpent.
(Rush of water.)

WAHN: This is the closest access point. Look - there's the elevator.
HEX: Yeah. With two stones standing guard.
WAHN: Inapatua. Galyari.
HEX: Something got to them.
WAHN: They're in the Dreamtime now.
HEX: Oh God. Something's coming.
WAHN: Yowie, or Mamoo. Hex, the rifle.
HEX: What good's that going to do? You said that thing wouldn't even be scared of the bullroarer.
WAHN: Do you wish to go fighting, Hex? Or do you wish to go whimpering and cowering into the Dreamtime?
HEX: What difference does it make?
WAHN: None. None at all.

ACE: (coughing) Where's all this water coming from?
MULYAN: It's coming from the walls. From inside Uluru.
DOCTOR: Careful, McShane. You don't want to go down a third time. Climb up here beside me.
ACE: (gasping) Mulyan!
MULYAN: Ace, hold on!
DOCTOR: He can't help you. Here, grab my umbrella. Join me.
ACE: Never!
DOCTOR: Either way, your place is in the Dreamtime. It's a choice between the devil and the deep blue sea. And since you apparently prefer to drown, let me help you on your way.
MULYAN: Ace!

[Part Four]

KORSHAL: Vresha, are you all right?
VRESHA: I felt something move under the surface. Oh!
KORSHAL: Vresha!
(Ace coughing.)
MULYAN: Ace!
DOCTOR: Third time lucky.
ACE: Yeah. And look what I found while I, I was down there.
(Sonic drill powers up.)
ACE: Korshal! Concentrate your fire on the Doctor!
DOCTOR: Those weapons will do nothing.
(Another sonic drill activated.)
KORSHAL: Then let us double their effectiveness.
DOCTOR: (fading) Your victory will be short-lived. Death or the Dreamtime awaits you all.
ACE: Go back to where you came from!
(Drills deactivated.)
MULYAN: Well done. We should still move if we don't want to drown.
KORSHAL: Vresha! She is turned to stone.
ACE: Korshal, we'll get her back somehow, some when. But right now, we have to get out of here!

DOCTOR: Baiame, I have to get out of here.
BAIAME: You command Time, Doctor. For one such as you, in the Dreamtime thought is as good as deed.
DOCTOR: I think, therefore I am free?
BAIAME: You heard the bullroarer. Your friends have called you already. You only need to step into your ghost.
DOCTOR: That's a comforting thought.
BAIAME: Our spirit roams the streets of Uluru City, but be warned, another has assumed your form.
DOCTOR: Another?
BAIAME: Yowie. Death.
DOCTOR: That's not a comforting thought.
BAIAME: Go, Doctor, but do not abandon me.
DOCTOR: I wouldn't dream of it. But abandon you to what?
BAIAME: I am Father to this place, but the child no longer needs the guidance of its father.
DOCTOR: I understand.
BAIAME: Go, Doctor. I will hold sway here as long as I am able.
DOCTOR: I'll do everything in my power, Baiame. I'll make things right, and help life along.

HEX: Who's there? Show yourself.

WAHN: Hex, if it is Death come for us, I don't expect he'll answer.
DOCTOR: Whereas I'm well-versed in all the social graces.
HEX: Doctor, you scared the sh... Well, you scared something out of me, anyway.
DOCTOR: Well, one of you could be pleased to see me.
WAHN: We both are, Doctor. You've returned from the Dreamtime. You are truly as great as your friends say you are.
DOCTOR: That's nice of you to say so, but I'm afraid that kind of flattery won't get us anywhere.
HEX: You're back, Doctor. That's the main thing.
DOCTOR: Yes, well, so much for the good news. Now, I'd better tell you the bad.

ACE: That water's going to carry on rising. We need to get to some higher ground.
KORSHAL: We must go back for Vresha and my troopers.
MULYAN: And do what?
KORSHAL: (roar) Whatever is at work here, there is an intelligence controlling it, and I will hunt it down and destroy it.
MULYAN: It can't be destroyed.
ACE: Actually, despite the poor anger management, Korshal might be on the right track.
MULYAN: Neither of you understands.
ACE: All I know for sure is it's got the Doctor, and as far as I'm concerned, that's
KORSHAL: Whatever is at the heart of this nightmare, I will find it, and put an end to it. And you will help me, Dream Commando.

DOCTOR: By the way, where's Ace? Landing herself in some sort of deep trouble, I suppose.
HEX: About as deep as it gets. She's down there, with Mulyan and the Galyari.
WAHN: There's no way down.
DOCTOR: Well, we'll have to trust Ace's indomitability. What I really need is some way of placating the Dreaming, some way of turning back the tide. Come on. I think we might find what we're looking for on the surface.
HEX: And what's that exactly?
DOCTOR: I'll explain when we get there.
WAHN: And this bad news of yours?
DOCTOR: Oh yes, that. Well, I'll tell you on the way. Come on.

ACE: How deep are we planning on going?
KORSHAL: As deep as necessary, to the very centre.
MULYAN: Where Baiame resides. You cannot invade that sanctum.
KORSHAL: We can, and we will.
ACE: As long as it's not going to be all At The Earth's Core.
KORSHAL: The Earth's core?
ACE: Yeah, all molten magma with dinosaurs and Doug McClure running around.
KORSHAL: This rock has no molten core.
MULYAN: There is a hollow space in the heart of Uluru.
ACE: Good to know. Lead the way, Korshal.
MULYAN: I will not allow you to attack Baiame!
KORSHAL: Machine, man or god, I will rid you of this menace, and I will drag Vresha back from wherever it has taken her.
ACE: Er, what's that?
MULYAN: Angry waters. If I can't stop you, the Rainbow Serpent will.
KORSHAL: Hurry!

(Wailing in background.)
VRESHA: What is this place? Who is there?
BAIAME: I am Father of this place. You do not belong.
VRESHA: And I have no wish to be here. We came only in search of trade and technology, and you sent your creatures upon us.
BAIAME: The Dreaming sought you out as invaders.
VRESHA: Now Korshal will seek *you* out.
BAIAME: Yes. I sense him coming. His anger rages like a bushfire.
VRESHA: That anger is fuelled by loyalty, duty to his fellow troopers and fellow Galyari, and his affection for me. It is a fire you will not stamp out.
BAIAME: No. I believe you are right. I must call on help from the outside. (echos) Doctor! Hear me!

HEX: This place is falling apart. The buildings, they're sinking straight into the ground.

WAHN: The earth reclaims the city.
DOCTOR: Another good reason to watch our step.
HEX: Another reason?
WAHN: Hex, look out.
HEX: Ah! Damn! It's hot.
DOCTOR: Yes. You might want to watch out for the geysers. The waters are breaking up through the ground. Quickly, in here.
WAHN: The doorway makes for poor shelter.
DOCTOR: I know. I just need time to think.
HEX: So, let me get this straight. You caused all this when you went back to the beginning?
WAHN: The time when Uluru City took to the stars?
DOCTOR: Yes, yes, yes. This place had become a multicultural society, one that had embraced what you would call Western ideas. That was its destiny.
WAHN: And in embracing that destiny, we lost sight of our other heritage. The old ways, the Dreaming.
DOCTOR: Yes, and corrupted those traditions. Women using bullroarers, just one example. Trespassing on an exclusive male territory.
WAHN: Yes. We changed everything to suit us. Shaped the ancient to fit the modern.
HEX: I get it. Paved paradise and put up a parking lot.
DOCTOR: Yes, something like that.

BAIAME: He does not hear me.
VRESHA: What can this Doctor do anyway?
BAIAME: He is persuasive.
VRESHA: Ha! He may be, but Korshal is stubborn and resolute.
BAIAME: If that proves so, then all our fates are sealed. (echoes) Doctor! Hear me!

DOCTOR: Ancient and powerful forces were awakened at Uluru. Forces woven into creation but rooted in belief. And as that belief waned, it sensed itself weakening. Worse, the very fabric of this place was weakening.
HEX: So, the Dreaming decided to come out and do something about it. Bring everyone and everything back to begin again.
WAHN: Did you know any of this would happen?
DOCTOR: How could I? And even if I did, I couldn't let Whitten's people die. I could never have done any different. This future was set in stone.
BAIAME: (echo) Doctor! Hear me!
DOCTOR: Baiame?
HEX: Who are you talking to?
WAHN: He communes with the All-Father.
DOCTOR: Baiame, what is it?
BAIAME: (echo) The Galyari warrior, Korshal. He seeks to destroy me.
HEX: Doctor, you look like you've seen a ghost.
DOCTOR: No, I haven't. But, if I don't do something soon, that's what we'll all become. Come on. And don't step on the cracks in the pavement. It's very bad luck!

ACE: The tunnel narrows here. The pressure will be greater.
MULYAN: We'll never outrun the serpent.
KORSHAL: Serpent or no, it is water. The tunnel can be blocked.
ACE: Bring the ceiling down, yeah?
MULYAN: What? You'll kill us all.
KORSHAL: Perhaps. But if we survive, we can dig our way up to the surface if necessary. Against that water I can seal myself in my armour, but your chances are slim.
(Sonic drills activated.)
ACE: Mmm, good argument. Which bit do we bring down?
KORSHAL: Good. Follow my aim.
MULYAN: Ace, no!
ACE: It's our best chance.
KORSHAL: Fire!
(Rocks fall, drills turned off.)
KORSHAL: It holds.
ACE: Only just.
(Rocks fall.)
MULYAN: It's breaking through already!
KORSHAL: Then we had best keep moving.

DOCTOR: The Galyari ship!

HEX: Nice of them to leave the door open.

WAHN: What are we doing here?

DOCTOR: If Korshal kills Baiame, there'll be nothing to save. This entire city will come undone, and us with it.

WAHN: Can this alien warrior kill a god?

DOCTOR: Not really a problem. Baiame is just a man. A very, very old man.

HEX: Think I know how he feels.

ACE: Oh. Oh well, that's it. Dead end.

KORSHAL: We will cut our way through.

MULYAN: No! This is Uluru itself.

KORSHAL: So, this barrier is important. Good. Perhaps we will find our prey lurking behind this wall.

MULYAN: I will not let you.

(Korshal roars. Thud.)

ACE: Hey, steady on!

KORSHAL: He will live. But the water pressure will be building back along the tunnel. Our best chance is to bring an end to this. And we will break through much faster with your assistance.

ACE: All right, I get it. Rock and a hard place. Always a good motivator.

DOCTOR: Communications. Communications.

WAHN: This vessel is alien indeed.

HEX: What's the big danger? What can Korshal do?

DOCTOR: Ah! Here we are. Commander Korshal thinks we are in the land of Oz.

HEX: But we are, aren't we? A sizeable chunk of it, anyway.

DOCTOR: Not the Yellow Brick Road variety. If Korshal is expecting Toto to run behind the curtain and reveal the Wizard and his machinery, it's not going to happen. There's no technology here holding this place together.

WAHN: There is only Baiame, and the Dreaming.

DOCTOR: Precisely. There's only a wizard, and some incredibly powerful magic. The power of an entire peoples' dreams. The minds of an entire race over the universe of matter, all channelled through Baiame.

HEX: He's the forcefield, isn't he? He's what's between us and the stars.

DOCTOR: Not literally, perhaps, but he's the one maintaining that shield. He's the one on whom this city's entire existence hinges. He's not a god, but he's as good as one, where this place is concerned.

WAHN: The All-Father.

DOCTOR: And without the father his progeny dies, ceases to exist. So, if you'll excuse me, I have to make an urgent call.

DOCTOR: Korshal? Commander Korshal? Can you hear me?

DOCTOR [OC]: Commander Korshal, come in.

(Sonic drills stop.)

ACE: The Doctor. It's the Doctor.

KORSHAL: Can you be sure?

ACE: Oh, at least let's find out.

KORSHAL: This is Korshal.

ACE: Doctor, is that really you?

DOCTOR [OC]: Yes, in the flesh. At this end, anyway. Now listen to me, Korshal. I know what you're doing. Give it up. Turn back now.

KORSHAL: How? How do you know?

DOCTOR [OC]: That's not important. You must turn back, get out of there. Leave Baiame alone. Whatever you're thinking of do (click)

ACE: Hey! What did you do that for?

KORSHAL: He wishes to deter us from our course, exactly what our enemy would wish. Given the mask our enemy wore before, can you be sure your friend would ask the same?

ACE: No. No, I can't.

KORSHAL: Come. We are nearly through.

DOCTOR: It's no use, he won't listen. We'll just have to hope I have better luck with the Dreaming.

HEX: You're going to talk to it?

DOCTOR: That's the general idea. Wahn, would you care to give us a demonstration of that bullroarer?

WAHN: It will take a voice more powerful than mine to tame the Dreaming.

DOCTOR: I appreciate that. I'm only asking for a demonstration, and your permission to record it.

HEX: Record it?
DOCTOR: Yes. I should have all the facilities I need here. Like having my own recording studio.
WAHN: What do you have in mind, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Well, that rather depends on you, Wahn. Er, what do you say?
WAHN: Very well.
HEX: At least you've got plenty of room for a good swing. Those Galyari are big buggers.
DOCTOR: There. I think that's the internal pickup. Whenever you're ready, Wahn.
(Bullroarer.)

BAIAME: Listen.
VRESHA: One of our sonic devices.
BAIAME: Your brave commander has nearly reached me.
VRESHA: Good. Then I will be leaving soon.
BAIAME: No. He does not come to the Dreamtime. He seeks the chamber where my physical body resides.
VRESHA: He will kill you.
BAIAME: Yes. He spells the end for us all.

DOCTOR: There. That should do it. With a great deal of skill, and a modicum of luck, I should be able to reproduce the wave forms electronically, output them through every communications device, active sensors, maybe even some of their less destructive sonic weaponry.
WAHN: Will it be powerful enough?
HEX: Sounds convincing to me.
DOCTOR: In and of itself, I doubt it, but I may be able to personalise those wave forms. I may be able to shape the wave forms to speak with a little something of myself.
HEX: Complete with a slight Scots lilt?
DOCTOR: No, Hex. The inner voice is coloured with an altogether different palette. It has to do with the shape of the mind.
WAHN: And the spirit.
HEX: Okay. So, what can we do?
DOCTOR: I don't know. Perhaps you'd like to step outside for a bit to defend the ship.
HEX: Defend it from what?
DOCTOR: From those creatures who appear to have us surrounded. Take a look at that screen.
HEX: Oh my God. There's hundreds of them.
WAHN: Come on, Hex. We'll do what we can.

KORSHAL: You. Identify yourself.
BAIAME: You know who I am. I am Baiame.
ACE: Er, nice place you've got here.
KORSHAL: You hide in here, and practice your illusions, your psionics. You are the instigator of all this.
BAIAME: No. Listen to me.
KORSHAL: I do not think so.
ACE: Hang on, Korshal. You can't just kill him, not in cold blood. He's just an old man, sitting here at the centre of his world.
KORSHAL: Age is no defence. Besides, it is probably only an appearance of age. He wore the face and form of your friend the Doctor like a mask and cloak.
ACE: Yes, I know that, but
KORSHAL: You have seen the power he commands.
BAIAME: I command nothing. The Dreaming is
(Sonic drill operated.)
KORSHAL: Your reign is over, old man.
BAIAME: Doctor, help me.

DOCTOR: Ah, nearly there.
BAIAME: (echoes) Doctor help me. Korshal is upon me. There is no more time.
DOCTOR: Then buy some. Do I have to think of everything?
BAIAME: (echoes) Doctor, help me!
DOCTOR: Help yourself, Baiame. Or, no, no, no, call on another ally. I'm sure you still have useful friends in the Dreaming.

ACE: Korshal, I can't let you just kill him. Ow! Ah! Pick on someone your own size.
KORSHAL: There is no one of my size here. Now, time to put an end to your nightmares and ours, old man.
(A kookaburra laughs.)
KORSHAL: What trick is this?

ACE: A kookaburra. Maybe Baiame's the Birdman of Uluru.
BAIAME: The Doctor recommended I call on a friend.
ACE: That's right. Birds are kind of special to you, aren't they?
KORSHAL: We revere them, yes. But this is not real.
ACE: You can't take that chance. You should make sure.
KORSHAL: How can I be sure of anything in this place?
BAIAME: Reach out and touch it.
ACE: Go on. It won't bite you.
KORSHAL: No! I cannot trust any of this!

WAHN: So many. They must sense what we're doing.
HEX: You go into action with the bullroarer. I'll do my best with the rifle. (shot fired) This is hurting me a lot more than it's hurting them. Doctor, if you're going to do something, now would be a really good time.
(Shots fired.)

DOCTOR: There. Now Baiame, you seem convinced I could command Time. Let's see if your confidence is well-founded.
(Recording of the bullroarer.)

WAHN: Hex, it's safe to open your eyes.
HEX: What? What happened?
WAHN: The Doctor has spoken.

LEANNE: Oh God. Where am I? What the hell happened? Oh God, I'm back. (laughs) I'm back! We're all right! We're all okay! This is Leanne Toomey. Thank you, Doctor! Thank you!

BAIAME: You are free. Your spirit returns to your body.
VRESHA: Goodbye, old one.
BAIAME: Goodbye, alien.

(In water.)
VRESHA: Free! (laughs) Free! Troopers, we are free!
TROOPER: Yes, Negotiator.
VRESHA: Gather what equipment you can. Let us find Korshal.

KORSHAL: What is that sound?
ACE: Something the Doctor's done. Has to be.
BAIAME: He has spoken, and turned the tide. All over the city, people are being called from the Dreamtime. They will soon collect together, and placate the Dreaming with song.
ACE: Like a lullaby?
BAIAME: All will be well.
KORSHAL: Huh. So you say.
ACE: I'm getting the impression you're a glass half-empty kind of Galyari.
BAIAME: Your Vresha is free, as are your soldiers. Your angry heart may know peace. Fly to him, kookaburra.

WAHN: Thank you, Doctor. We can do the rest ourselves.
DOCTOR: Yes. Just make sure you do.
HEX: Well done, Doctor. Couldn't you have cut it a bit finer, though?
DOCTOR: Ah, well, you know how it is. I'm getting on a bit. Have to take things at a more leisurely pace.
HEX: Well, for what it's worth, you're a heck of a musician. You've got staying power.
DOCTOR: (laughs) Do you think so? I suppose I may have made my mark. But listen.
WAHN: It's a song of the Old Ways, to set the Dreaming to rest.
HEX: Putting the Dreaming back to bed.
DOCTOR: Yes. No more of your Joni Mitchell. I was always more of a fan of Rolling Stones. They gather no moss, but what they do pick up is plenty of momentum. Hopefully, it will be all downhill from here on for you and your people, Wahn, in the best possible way. Now, Mister Hex, shall we go and find Mulyan and Ace?
HEX: Yeah. See what hole she needs digging out of, eh?

BAIAME: (echoes) Thank you, Doctor. My Dream Commandos will carry on the work from here. Our city will continue its journey, and you will be remembered as father to our future.
DOCTOR: (echoes) Well, think of me more as an uncle who drops by from time to time, when he can.
BAIAME: (echoes) Goodbye, Doctor.

HEX: Doctor?

DOCTOR: Mmm?

ACE: You phased out on us again. Vresha was just saying goodbye.

DOCTOR: Ah yes. Oh, that's the trouble with saying too many goodbyes at once. Goodbye, Vresha. May you find more profitable trade elsewhere.

VRESHA: Yes. It is a great shame they will not trade any of those birds Korshal was telling me about.

KORSHAL: Creatures imported from this place would bring a risk of contamination.

HEX: Afraid the Dreaming might break out all over that Clutch of yours?

ACE: You still think it's some sort of virus?

KORSHAL: I do not much care what it is, as long as it remains dormant here.

VRESHA: The other great shame is for this city. They could use our technology in their reconstruction efforts.

ACE: Yeah, trust the Doctor to do only half a job.

DOCTOR: Thank you, Ace! Recovering souls from the Dreamtime is one thing, coaxing buildings out of solid rock is another. Besides, I really think it's all for the best.

HEX: How come, Doctor?

DOCTOR: I imagine these people might do better left to their own devices. And as for your trade, Vresha, I'm sure you'll find no shortage of viable prospects out there in the galaxy.

KORSHAL: Just so. Come, Vresha.

VRESHA: Farewell, Doctor, Hex, Ace.

DOCTOR: Time we were getting back to the Tardis.

HEX: Can't we stay and watch take-off?

DOCTOR: Well, we can. There's really not much to see.

ACE: There is for Hex. He's still a newbie, isn't he?

HEX: If I live to be a veteran at this, it'll be a miracle.

(Spaceship takes off.)

HEX: The buildings are still in a right state.

ACE: Yeah, they won't be scraping any skies for a good while.

DOCTOR: It should make the place more streamlined. Perhaps get them to their new world a little sooner.

HEX: You are joking, right?

ACE: He's joking.

DOCTOR: Yes, I am. But working together to rebuild their colony should bring everyone to a closer understanding. That and their time together pooled into a single consciousness.

HEX: Yeah, that'd do it.

ACE: And the Dreaming, that'll re-emerge and terraform their new world for them?

HEX: And do it right next time, we hope.

DOCTOR: It's not beyond the realms of possibility.

ACE: Few things are with you, Doctor.

HEX: Well, I guess that's because the realms of possibility are a bit like the Tardis.

DOCTOR: How so?

HEX: Well, from an everyday perspective, they seem pretty finite. But they're a lot bigger once you're on the inside.

DOCTOR: You know Hex, I think we'll make a seasoned time traveller out of you yet.

(Tardis door opens and closes. The Tardis dematerialises.)